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LETTER

TO THE

DETECTOR

OF THE

Pretended FALSHOODS, &c. in the
L I F E of

Sir ROBERT COCHRAN.

Containing many curious Anecdotes relating to that Great
MINISTER, never before published.

*Talibus infestus quod fīm Gnathonibus, atro
Dente petit, famam rodit & Aula meam.
Fæx Hominum, Procerum pestis, Regumque ruina,
Quò magis oblatras, hoc magis illa nitet. HUME.*

L O N D O N:

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A

LETTER, &c.

INGENIOUS SIR,



AS the Picture then of a rotten Minister alarmed you?—Has the Story of a cripple, a profligate Administration, moved your Choler?—Has the Fate of *Cochran*, (punished upwards of Two Hundred Years since, brought to Justice for his enormous Crimes, his Treachery to his Master, his Ingratitude to his Royal Mistress; his Plots, his Schemes, his barefac'd Attempts against the Constitution) terrify'd you, and set before your Eyes in hideous Colours, the Loss of your Wages, the Price of your prostitute Iniquity, the Disappointment of the Reward

A 2

you

you think your self entitled to for your gallant Exploits in the War you wage against the Liberties of your Country?—Has the Name of a Halter disorder'd your flimsy Brain, and moved you, after two Months Deliberation, to saddle with *Cochran's* Guilt some other Minister (a Hero in the Clouds, whom, *Don Quixot*-like, you conceive yourself bound to defend) to fix beneath his left Ear the Hair Tether; to wrest into a Parallel an innocent Narrative, and apply to him a Portion of History, which (as the Author declares in the strongest Terms p. 18. and 21.) has so little Connection with any subsequent Occurrences, that he doubts if a Rehearsal of the Facts it contains will in these Days be credited.

Dare you, after this, establish a Similitude of Circumstances? — Who becomes, in this Case, the Libeller? — He who simply relates a Fact, or he who idly applies it? — Who is to be esteemed most dangerous: — The fair Adversary (supposing it were the Case) or the blundering injudicious Friend?

But if, in this your notable Performance, you was guided by the Shadow of Reason, I can frame but one Excuse for you, and I am loath to suspect it.

I would

I would fain hope we are not come to that Pass, that the Sound of the Words, the bare Mention of the Means (OF BETTER SECURING THE LIBERTIES OF THE SUBJECT) even in a distant Country) should occasion dreadful and preposterous Alarms! Such, you see, were endeavoured to be obtained in Sir Robert Cochran's Ministry, by Bills, by Remonstrances, by Petitions from the Patriots, and he had the barefaced Impudence, tho' faintly, and with Trembling, to oppose some, and reject or ridicule others — But he was near his End — And after such avow'd Declarations, Necessity would have justified Methods more irregular than those that were pursued to rescue the Kingdom, brought within a few Months of Destruction by his Ambition, by his Folly and Despair.

As I cannot therefore bring within the Compass of Prudence and Reason the Drift of your Undertaking, I shall, in that respect, leave you to the Censure of the World, and the Correction of your Patron. He is the best Judge how far the Injury you have done his Character is compensated by your Triumph, by your idly repeating over and over the *Restitution* of that large Ship (the *Prince of Scotland* I think she was called

called) the single Ship, out of Numbers that were, with Impunity, and without *Restitution*, suffered to be taken during *Cochran's* (if you object to Sir *Robert's*) Administration. This, in no ways, contradicts the Words nor the Meaning of the Author you attempt to lash. Cast an Eye once more on p. 40.

But, Righteous, Impartial, Scrupulous Sir, was the Cargo of that same Princely Ship restored? The only thing valuable, and worth demanding, after so many Years Detention? No! But Commissaries, you tell us, were appointed to settle the Claims of the Merchants:—An old Trick, you see,—a stale Contrivance to stop the Mouths of helpless Sufferers, and rid a Minister, for a Time, of the Clamours of the Injured and Oppressed. Yet, for the sake of this empty *Restitution* in the capital Point (as you term it) of Losses at Sea, to you, most Judicious Sir, it seemed meet to strain this harmless Piece of History into a Libel, and pin it to the Sleeve of your Benefactor.

Be not then surprized, that no Native of *North Britain* undertook to accuse the Writer of Sir *Robert Cochran's* Life, of Misrepresentations and Abuse, whereof no Man versed in History will think him guilty. But give me Leave to entertain

tertain you a little upon your consummate Knowledge in these Matters, and the candid Light in which you have been pleased to state them. If I do it in a Stile as loose and incorrect as yours, you will have no Room to accuse me of Costiveness ; But if I happen to prove you Ignorant of Grammar, and that you as little understand the Historian you pretend to translate, as you Comprehend the Meaning of the Pamphlet you attempt to confute, I shall better deserve at your Hand, the Title of *Pedant* than the Author of Sir *Robert Cochran*, whom, in the Opinion of the World, you most unjustly accuse in this as well as in other Points.

Know then, Sir, in the first Place, that *Preston* in every Country except this, had a Right to the Title of a Man of Quality : *Buchanan* styles *Nobilis* who-soever is descended of an honourable and ancient Family ; his Barony entitled him (without Election) to a Seat in Parliament, and on that score it seems to me, at least doubtful, if the Title of Lord was not properly his due. Surely, he has as good a Right to it as *Ramsay*, upon whom you readily bestow Nobility, from the Authority of the very same Expression you scruple it to *Preston*. Whence proceeds this Partiality? Are you

you any ways a-kin to that dainty Politician? (*) But let this trifling Circumstance stand as it will; that this noble Lord, or what you please to call him, was wormed out of Favour, and sent to his Farm by his new Ally, you presume not to contradict; and thus the first Lie, which by Vertue of your *Billingsgate* Breeding, you endeavour to fix upon the Author, dwindles into nothing, or recoils upon your self.

Your Apology for *Buchanan's* Expression, *honesto loco natus*, is wretched. You know, tho' you think it for your Purpose to prevaricate, that many Noblemen as well as Gentlemen were of Sir *Robert's* Faction.—The more Shame for them. — All the great Offices were filled with Men of Figure, tho' being made mere Cyphers by the Usurpation of that Power-ingrossing Minister, their Names are scarce mentioned, *till, tir'd of Servitude, they joined with the Country Party and hang'd him.*

But, to deal with you more candidly than you have done with your Author, I take it for granted, that your Supposition in Relation to *Cochran's* Father-in-Law, is a palpable Error of the Press. You mean doubtless, that if History had

* The Stripling, who to save his Life, got up behind the King.

not directly affirmed the contrary, by Mistake he might have been supposed a *Taylor*, (a *Stay-maker*) or some such scoundrel Employment. That is the only Profession, wherein Money is to be made of which there never was a Gentleman known, and I challenge you, Sir, to name one Person allied to a *Taylor*, *that has not the Air, and is not generally esteemed a Lousy, dirty Dog.*

The Author I fancy will not disown, that he described *Roger* in very few and general Words: Yet maim'd as the Picture was, the Name, it would seem by your Harping, might have been spar'd at Bottom. I acknowledge, indeed, your Observation just, that sinking so material a Passage, as that of his wronging the Queen, is an unpardonable Omission: For—o' my Conscience, I believe the World is in that Point agreed. *That he did her Majesty more Hurt than all the Blood of his Family cou'd ever make a Mends, or attone for.* But you mistake, if you imagine that *Roger* did not endeavour, at least to pass himself upon the World for a Man of Business. “ *Hume* “ positively affirms, *That on these two,* “ *meaning him and Sir Robert, the* “ *King repos'd the whole Weight of his* “ *Affairs:*” As true it is, that the Author abovenamed never stiles *Roger*,
B Sir,

Sir, that *Ordo Equestris* may signify a Knight of the Shire as well as a Baronet; so, that the Words of the Biographer in Relation to *Roger*, stand literally true and uncontroverted; tho' if you chuse to constitute him into the Bargain, a Pimp, the Writer I conceive will have no sort of Objection to it.

You presume in the next Place, Sir, to affirm, "*that in those Days no Order existed in Scotland with either Badge or Collar,*" and thereby you betray your gross Ignorance. Are you acquainted pray, Sir, with the various Orders that have existed in *Scotland*? Did you ever read of the famous *Horn-Order*? And is not Sir *Robert's* wearing four Horns, and adorned with Jewels too, (a) a strong *Presumption*, nay, a plain Demonstration indeed, that he was Grand Master of the Order.

But the Author, you say, deceives the Reader in the general Description of the Clan (tho' in Reallity he means only to describe the Chief) and that it is with no honest View he wilfully suppresses, (b) as you imagine, the Meaning of these Words, *vilissimarum artium opifices*. Behold again a manifest Effect of the Want of classical Knowledge.

(a) Hind.

(b) Detect.

Nero

Nero is stil'd by *Tacitus*, and by *Sueton* too, if I mistake not, *vilissimarum artium opifex*. But however it may have been fashionable in some Ages to vilify, to misrepresent, to load with personal Abuse the greatest of Monarchs, you will not surely presume to call the Emperor *a Handicrafts-Man, a Taylor's Son-in-Law, a low-born Miscreant of the meanest Occupation.* (c) Yet thus you ignorantly construe *Buchanan's* Words, omitted indeed, in your Author's Quotation, but understood and explained by him in the fullest extent they will bear.

You sure, are the single Man who apprehends, that *the Minister's excessive Riches, and his infamous Methods of acquiring them,* (d) are, by the Writer of his Life *thrown into Obscurity*. You are the only Person who ever suspected, that *his Modesty, in the Use of Power, or in any other Respect,* is in the least Danger of being called in Question; and be not afraid that his Estate will be conceived too small to maintain a *Welch* Justice of the Peace, since it is notorious that the whole Principality of *Wales* would scarce have been sufficient to satiate his voracious Appetite.

(c) Detect.

(d) Detect.

By these Samples the World will judge of your Veracity, and which is most to be credited, a Hackney Scribler, or the unbiaſſed Writer of Sir *Robert Cochran's* Life; by whom I can perceive no Crimes imputed to the Minister without Foundation, nothing material ſuppreſſed that appears to have conſiſted with his Knowledge. And inſtead of anſwering your other trifling Objections of this Sort, let me recommend to your ſerious Conſideration the following Remark, *That* — *as by dint of Brazen Impudence:—*

By the prevailing Influence of his mean Sentiments, and the awkward Impulſes of a Baſtard Ambition, he ſwallow'd more Reproach, ſubmitted to groſſer Inſults, and for Years together laugh'd over more ſcurrilous Treatments, than the leaſt delicate of his Predeceſſors (in high Station) wou'd have reſted under one Night, for the Enjoyment of any Crown; but a Celeſtial Crown; which, ſurely, was never the Object of his Ambition, ſo after his Death it is vain to pretend to ſcreen him: His Fate ought rather to be ſet up as a Beacon to Poſterity to avoid the perilous Courſe he ſteer'd, and to beware of the Rocks of Confidence and Security, upon which he unexpectedly ſhipwreck'd.

But

But how strangely it disturbs you, Loyal Sir, to find the King treated throughout this Libel (as you call it) with so much Decency and Respect. The Writer has no further mentioned the Misfortunes of that Inglorious Reign, than it became absolutely necessary, in order to illustrate the Character of that King's seeming Favourite; but, surely his most dangerous Enemy. He left it to you, Sir, to set forth in shocking Terms (g) the melancholy Catastrophe of that deluded Monarch; to copy after a Sett of prostitute Wretches who were bountifully rewarded, in those Days, for vilifying the Royal Character, for blending the sacred Name of Majesty with that of a faithless, treacherous Servant: Who regarded his Prince no otherways than as the Tool of his Ambition, the Instrument of his publick Iniquity, and as a Skreen from the Resentments of an injured People. Who took to himself the Merit of every Thing that had the Appearance of Humanity, Munificence, or publick Good; and set his Master like a Centinel in the Breach, exposed to the Brunt of popular Rage and Clamour, excited by his repeated Crimes, whilst he skulked behind the Throne, and skreen'd

(g) Detest.

under

under the Royal Shadow his guilty Head.

Do you want Proofs, do you require Instances, Sir, of these enormous Practices? Multitudes may be furnished both Publick and Private; they will be produced in proper Time, and sooner possibly than you look for. Forbear therefore, your impudent, your impotent Scurrility; forbear your fruitless Perversions of History for very injudicious Ends; forbear your villainous Slander to one who contemns and despises all the Calumnies that can come from the Quarter you belong to; to one who has more of Publick Spirit than ever influenced the corrupt Tribe of Scriblers, and all who profess themselves their Protectors and Admirers; forbear, in a Word, to provoke one who has Truth, and Justice, and Right, on his Side, and to whom you shew yourself in no Shape an equal Match.

Had not the Author given you, and such as you, reason to complain (as you have done) (b) of his dutiful regards for Majesty, he had ill answered the the Character you give him of a Favourer of the Patriots, a Friend, a zealous Friend to their Principles, and one

(b) Detect.

who

who highly approves, and will for ever justify their Conduct, and even the Method they took to deliver their Country from the Scourge of a Man, whom even you, Sir, who barefacedly dare profess yourself his Advocate, acknowledge a *Criminal, an odious Minister.*

Did they not evince, even on that Occasion, when every Thing was in their Power, their dutiful Sentiments, their profound Respect for the Inviolable, the Sacred Person of their King? Shall I repeat *Hume's* Words? — Did they not, at his Desire release one of the Guilty? — That unworthy Stripling, *Ramsay*, who lived to verify the old Proverb (i) and, like a true Disciple of his Patron Sir *Robert Cochran*, pursued his Maxims, and accomplished what every wise Man had long foreseen, and ever honest one foretold, must prove the infallible Consequence of his Measures and Conduct. Did they not profess on that notable Occasion, that the removing of the Minister, the hanging him (if every odious Circumstance must be expressed) was become indispensibly necessary, in order to relieve the King from the Spells of a Varlet, who, it would still seem (as it was then alledged) had bewitched him?

(i) *Save a Thief from the Gallows, &c.*

Had

Had they it not in View, in concerting what they so bravely executed, to secure the Establishment, to preserve to his royal Posterity the Crown, which must have otherwise been torn from them by their Enemies? Did not the subsequent Steps of the Patriots demonstrate to the World, that this was their Intent, their only Meaning—Tho' Providence, in its insearchable Ways, deprived them of the Happiness of preserving the Person of that unfortunate deluded Monarch, whose Eyes were, doubtless, sealed up by an invisible Hand for an Example to succeeding Kings. Such he proved, and a profitable one, as History most circumstantially sets forth, to his Son and Successor, that Glorious, that Generous, Humane, and Publick-spirited Prince, *James IV.* And had the Author been moved by an unseasonable Desire of making his Court *to the Prince their Son* (as you are pleased to insinuate *p. 45.*) he had a noble Field for his Purpose. (*k*) Give over, therefore, meddling with these Points: You will get nothing by it, but a further Opportunity of exposing your mercenary Turn; or, what will afflict you still more, your Character, as a Man of Wit, will suffer, and the

(*k*) See Lindsay *p. 102, 104.* Buch. *p. 242, 243, 244, and 245.*

World be apt to judge, that these same pretty Parts are spoilt, by your associating your self so long with Blunderers. How can one otherwise account for your gravely imparting to the Publick, That an Infant of Three Years old was seduced from his Duty by Arguments, by Threats of being deprived of the Crown? In the same, or a few Pages after, you tell us, that the Prince was Sixteen, when he put himself at the Head of the Country Party. — What Age he was, exactly, I really know not, without turning over my Books, and I don't think you worth so much Trouble. But it is certain he was a young Man, and was not, for some Time after his Father's, and long after his Mother's Death, married to *Margaret*, eldest Daughter to *Henry* the Seventh.

After hesitating your Dislike (for your Betters dare go no further) of the Respect shewn to the Prince, you quarrel with your Author for not pulling in the Queen, by Head and Shoulders, in order to daub her Royal Character with false Flattery. Why really, Sir, if he could collect no better Materials for that Purpose, from History, than you have favoured us with, I think he acted a much wiser Part, to suffer that illustrious Princess to rest in Peace.

C

You

You make nothing of the Dilemma which he possibly foresaw, of derogating from the Honour of the King her Husband, or publishing a gross Falshood, a shameless Lie. Neither of these, indeed, seem to cost you the least Uneasiness, as is evident in two remarkable Instances. In the first, you bountifully bestow upon a *Masculine* (l) *Princess*, (as you term her) *the Command of her Royal Consort's Sword*: The Prerogative of Sheathing it and Unsheathing it, as it best suited her Humour or Purposes. But, alas! Sir, the Sword of the unfortunate Monarch you mean (m) happened to be most injudiciously managed; it rusted in the Scabbard, when it ought to have been employed, and was cruelly handled, you tell us, against his faithful Subjects; whose only Quarrel with him was his suffering himself to be deluded by stale Artifices, and giving up his Interests an irretrievable Sacrifice to the active Ambition, and never fluctuating Views of the Court of *France*. In the second Instance, Sir, you manage the Words of an Historian with so much Dexterity, so singular a Slight of Hand, that it were Pity to deprive you of the Justice your Ingenuity deserves. Let us

(l) Detect. p. 7. 8. (m) Hen. VI.

compare, therefore, the Original with your Translation. That the Queen (not of *Hen. VI.* be it understood) was a Woman of a graceful Appearance, and singular Probity, *Buchanan* says, and the World agrees. *Mulier singulari formæ, gratia & probitate*, are his Words. But what follows—Nothing to the Prejudice of her Character indeed—*Quæque viri effrenatos impetus plerumque moderari credebatur*. Thus most faithfully as well as elegantly interpreted by you, *Likewise whose Graces had an happy Effect in restraining the Violence of her Times.* (n) *Effrenatos impetus viri, the Violence of her Times!*—Notably performed!—*Macte virtute esto*—Point out such another bold Stroke in the Pamphlet that your unhallowed Lips profane with the Name of Libel.

You seem to be at a Loss, Sir, how to reconcile the Minister's corrupting and using undue Influence on Parliaments, *while History*, you say, *affirms, that he would never listen to their Advice.* As you mention this Matter modestly, I'll help you out for once; and if your own Library does not furnish a Collection entitled, *The black Acts*, alias *The black List*, have Recourse to your Patron's Study at a proper Opportunity, and there

(n) Detect.

you will discover innumerable Instances of Persons corrupted, whom no body ever thought worth consulting. *Sir Robert Cochran*, I can tell you too, Sir, reckoned the Money well bestowed, and had he not been extremely liberal, nay most profuse in this way, he had never lived to grace the Bridge of *Lauder*. But, had he—Blunderer as he was, corrupted such a stupid Cur as you to write Pamphlets for him, I question if either Parliament or Army would have thought him worth hanging.

It is now become of very little Consequence to the Publick, under whose Administration that memorable Contest happen'd, about naming a Bishop to the vacant See of *St. Andrew's*; or who was the Author of these unchristian Proceedings against the Reverend Doctor; a Priest, or a Minister. But, for the sake of Truth, and that I will not suffer the least Trifle to pass with you, I do insist upon it, that the Epithet, *Nebulones*, made use of by *Buchanan*, on that Occasion, is applicable but to one *Par Nobile Fratrum* (in Iniquity, since you object to their being called so on account of their Fate) to one Couple of Ministers in that Reign; and to put an End, at once, to all your Chronological Cavils, know, that *Sir Robert Cochran* came

came into Power in 71, tho' we have heard before now, the Commencement of his Administration postponed to 75, (the Date of a famous Treaty) (o) just for such Reasons as in this Case move you to prevaricate and pervert the Truth—to lay your Blunders at other People's Doors.

By this Computation you see the Earl of Arran's Disgrace falls within the time of Cochran's Power, and tho' the Writer of his Life does not determine to whom it was owing; to him, to the Kennedies, or to the Influence of the new Queen; yet it was most probably the Work of the Minister, to deter others from speaking Truth to the King, upon the Score of Freedoms they might have been in Possession of before his Majesty had the Reins of Government put into his Hands. Could any Thing be of greater Importance, or more signal Use to a Rising, or to a desperate Minister, than to evidence to the World his Omnipotence, by banishing from Court a Person of the Earl's distinguish'd Parts and Consideration, in high Esteem and Favour with the King, who lived with him as a Friend: An Honour he deserved not only by his inviolable Fidelity to

(o) Rhim. Tom. 12.

the Royal Family, but by a most affectionate and disinterested Attachment to the Person of his Majesty.

The Accomplishment of this great Point left the Minister but one Instance more, to shew that his Master had no Will of his own (tho' I don't find that he was so barbarous as to make use of it) I mean, the Removal of the Lady *Crighton* from Court; the only Person of her Sex, besides the Queen, whom this Monarch is said to have honoured with his Favour and Confidence, and who, according to all Accounts, highly deserved it. (p) This differs widely from the Language you speak. (q) Yet, if you will lay aside your Prejudices, and consult History once more, you must acknowledge it is strictly true.

But what the Plague possessed you to wander out of your Road in Search of an Opportunity to affront the Illustrious House of *Hamilton*? Supposing one had err'd, methinks, that, for the sake of Three, so staunch, so faithful, one House might have been spar'd. Ten such, you know, on a certain Occasion, would have saved a populous City. Was it the same Motive that induced (r) *Buchanan* (as his Commentators alledge) to

(p) Buch. p. 236.

(q) Detest. p. 17.

(r) Annot. in Lib. 12. Buch.

drop the Words you have cull'd to flatter his Patron, who dreaded the Influence of that powerful Family? For if you are any further instructed in that History, than the Life of *Cochran* has provok'd you, on this Occasion, to glean, you must know from the Testimony of the same Historian, that the *Hamiltons* were Peers of *Scotland* 150 Years before the Time you write of. (s) You would know too, that the Founder of the Family, a Man of Quality at the Court of *England* (*Homo Nobilis in Aula Anglica*) was forced to shelter himself in *Scotland* from the exorbitant Power of a Prime Minister, (t) having chastis'd the Insolence of one of his Creatures who, relying on the Protection of his Patron, presumed to put a publick Affront upon him. But hence possibly, moved by a secret Impulse, proceeds your Antipathy to the Blood.

You can scarce apprehend, you say, from the Story of *Cochran*, what was the Quarrel between the King and his People: Surely your Schoolmaster had a sad Time on't to instil into you the Scraps of *Latin* which you now so profusely retail. But I'll state the Quarrel to you, and the only Quarrel, in a very few Words.

(s) Buch. p. 149. (t) Immodica in aula potentia. *Ibid.*

It was, Sir, his employing, and obstinately persisting to support a Minister become odious for his repeated Attempts to enslave his Country; who, jealous of every Man of Parts, was unequal to the Weight of Business he engrossed, and who, thro' Ignorance, blunder'd himself into so dangerous, so desperate a Situation, that his Safety became inconsistent with the Constitution, and in the End, with the Preservation of the King.

Would you know next, Sir, what Party was the Object of this Writer's Fondness (as you term it?) Not the *Boys*, surely, for those he mentions but once; but he plainly shews himself a Partizan of the Great Men united in a determin'd Resolution to sacrifice the Minister to the Safety of their Sovereign; who bravely executed their Purpose, after trying him in the usual Forms (*u*) and did not, as you falsely alledge, tumultuously murder him. The Earl of *Angus*, in particular, seems to be the Writer's Favourite, and the Hero of the Piece: He, Sir, who bravely *Bell'd the Cat*; he whose Eloquence, Spirit, Parts, and Experience in Business, set him, without Envy, at the Head of his Party, and

(*u*) Cum in Jus duceretur. Buch. *p.* & H. *p.*

whose inviolable Attachment to the Royal Family entitled him, while he lived, to a large Share in the Government, which his Courage wrested out of the worthless Hands that had long usurped it.

But I come now, Sir, to the Passages of History, and the Characters which you have judged expedient to produce; and I must indeed acknowledge your Panegyrick upon Bishop *Kennedy* perfectly just. He was indeed a *virtuous*, a *learned*, a *publick-spirited* Minister; so well acquainted with foreign Courts, and versed in foreign Languages, that no Man of his Age was so well qualified to give Answers to Ambassadors; so delicate were his Sentiments too, and so careful was he of his Character, that he resign'd his Employments, and retir'd as soon as he found his Power inconsistent with his Dignity — A noble, a shining Testimony, worthy the Imitation of Posterity. But how does this serve your Ends, sweet Sir? At first Sight of the Detail you favour us with, of his noble Extraction, his rigid Morals, his decent Deportment, his patronizing Virtue, Learning and Merit, his preferring the publick Welfare to his own private Ends; his banishing from Court (as our Saviour

did the vile *Stockjobbers* and *Usurers* out
D of

of the Temple) obscene Jokes, prophane Witticisms, noisy Ribaldry, and corrupt Practices; and his being, therefore respected as the Censor of the Age; (x) when I compared all this, I say, with Page 21. and 22. of *Cochran's* Life, at first I was charitably inclin'd to imagine, that it delighted you to set up this Piece in Opposition to a Picture, there exhibited, and, by illustrating the Beauties of Virtue, to cooperate with the Author in the commendable Purpose of rousing the Aversion of Mankind against those whom that detestable Representation might be found to resemble. But when I catch'd you torturing a venerable Character, and labouring to debase it by an awkward and impracticable Application, I discovered the cloven Foot.

Why did you not content yourself with expatiating on that memorable Passage of Bishop *Kennedy's* Life? His making a Queen (an ambitious Queen, with whom he pretended to share the Government) a mere Cypher; and reducing her to that Pitch of Dread and humble Submission, that (however her affable, benevolent, and courteous Disposition inclined her to be obliging) she scarce durst shew common Civilities to

(x) Detect.

those

those who differed with him, or whom he happened to dislike; yet while she gave these Testimonies of her Deference to his absolute Sway, 'tis impossible, however, she might think proper to dissemble, that she could sincerely esteem a Man who scrupled not to declare in the publickest Manner his contemptible Notions of her Sex, and their utter Incapacity for Business. This you know, Sir, is literally true (for I find you have perused *Buchanan's* 12th Book) and this, had you suppressed the rest of his Character, would have fitted your Purpose to a Hair; no Man, had you done so, could have mistaken your Meaning, and I cannot for my Soul conceive what prudential Consideration mov'd you to touch so gently, a Circumstance so notorious, and so evident for the Honour of your Hero.

With equal Judgment, Accuracy, and the same publick-spirited Intention that adorns your whole Performance, you next lug in the Character of Earl *Douglas*.

Him you may view, Sir, in various Shapes, as an Absolute, Insolent, Jealous, Over-bearing, All-grasping, Power-ingrossing Minister; but all this with the Dignity of a Man of Quality, except in one particular (which to do you Justice you have not omitted) his patronizing

Thieves. In this indeed, he degenerated from the Sentiments of his noble Blood, and the Character of his illustrious Predecessors; for it is reported, that in the Height of his Power, it was his chief Delight to retire to a Lodge near the *Hermitage*, (y) the Ruins whereof are at this Day to be seen upon the Banks of the River *Liddel*, with a scandalous Sett of low-born, worse-bred, perjured Pickpockets; just such as we call *Newgate-Birds*, the vile Instruments of his infamous Jobbs. These he loaded with Riches, with these he disgraced Multitudes of reputable Employments; some of them for Rapes (the slightest Crimes they had ever been guilty of) he rescued from the Gallows, some he supported, who had notoriously perjured themselves to secure the Sums of which they had robbed the *Highways*, and Numbers he protected in illegal usurious Practices, tho' always, as 'tis affirmed, for very valuable Considerations.

These were Persons proper for his Purposes, their Characters suited his Taste, and with these he indulged (as all Historians agree, (z) and his greatest Admirers lament rather than deny, (a) in his Hours of Privacy and Retirement.

(y) Hume, p. 236. (z) Buch. Lind. Detect. (a) Hume.

You may behold him too, Sir, kick'd out of Place for his Insolence, vilifying, calumniating, upbraiding, opposing, not a Fellow-Minister, but a kind and bountiful Master. But, for all this, Sir, my Regards for the sacred Character will never suffer me to approve of what you seem so much overjoyed with, and triumph in, the horrid and unprecedented Method of dispatching him. What is it, for God's sake, you mean? Are you acquainted with the Story? Don't you know that a benevolent, a humane, an, otherwise irreproachable Prince, was hurried on to this barbarous Fact by a wicked Minister, to revenge his private Quarrel, to remove out of his Way a Man whom by Law he could not reach? Do you trump up and applaud this rash, this inconsiderate Act, as an Example worthy to be copied after by succeeding Monarchs? Would you terrify modern Patriots with the Dread of treacherous Assassinations? Do you imagine they are to be frighten'd from opposing a Minister with the idle Apprehensions of being poniarded in the Palace? Wou'd you link with the Idea of Majesty the childish Terrors of Raw-head and Bloody-bones? Do you recite this Tragical Event, with a View to degrade the Royal Dignity into the Office of a Hangman; to stain the sacred Character

rafter with the Imputation of premeditated Murder? Or, have you devoutly conceived Hopes of imbruing the Royal Hands in the Blood of their Anti-Ministerial Subjects?

What else can your profane Words mean? — “ *The just Punishment — The Stroke of Justice — a Fate too noble for his Crimes, but a Lesson to the Traytors* (the Opposers you mean) *of all Ages, who trespass on the Mercy of a Sovereign.*” (b) Good God! What horrid Ideas does not the Purport of these impious treasonable Words give Rise to. — What melancholy Reflections do they not produce? It would charm you, methinks, to behold at the Head of a Free State (in order to help out a Minister at a dead Lift) a C—— of a M——, who could bravely bear a Hand at chopping off a Couple of thousand Heads in a Morning. ‘Fie, fie, Wretch! were Sovereigns to pursue the hellish Maxims you approve — Were Princes to affect the bloody Characters you delight to set forth, who would not say with the Poet,

*If such Kings are by God appointed,
The D—— may be the Lord’s anointed.*

(b) Detect. p. 56. and 57.

P. S.

P. S. Thus I shall be ready to attend you, whenever you are pleased to favour us with your Remarks on the remaining Part of Sir Robert Cochran's Life, especially his foreign Transactions, which, for Reasons best known to your self, you have thought fit to pass over in Silence. Nor should I, at this time, have delay'd paying my Respects to you so long, had I heard of you sooner. But your *Detection* had made its Appearance in the World, above a Week, before its *Fame* reached my *incurious Ears*. And tho' this Letter may very possibly happen to be still longer in finding its Way to you, *through the various Difficulties that certain Persons now-a-days lye under, in transmitting even Trifles to a Correspondent*; yet I do assure you (and before you come this Length, few Words will, I believe, suffice to convince you) that I have not bestowed many more Hours in exposing fully, as I apprehend, your manifold *Falshoods, Misrepresentations, and Prevarications*, than you employed Weeks in nibbling at Sir Robert Cochran's Life.

As to your *Prostitutions*—and other *Billingsgate Elegancies*, contained in your last Page, it were easy to return
them

them home with Interest; but I chuse
to leave you an undisputed Conquest in
a Dialect you seem delighted to excel
in, and in which, by your *indefatigable*
Application, and *long Practice*, you are
become so thorough a Master.

F I N I S.

